

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 277

To begin with, talking about justice was difficult even in the past. The meaning of the word justice could vary from person to person, depending on their lifestyle, their childhood upbringing, as well as their own experiences over the years. Therefore, to say exactly what was justice would be too difficult.

However, there was a general rough idea of what justice was, and even if there were certain differences, the core was not very different.

Kang Rong was clearly not being fair as he not only broke his part of the deal he had with the other members of the base government, but also stood idly by even though many innocent people were starving to death.

With the amount of food here, Bai Zemin and the rest were sure that everyone's lives could be improved. This did not mean that Kang Rong had to give it away, by any means. He could have opened different employment positions and the survivors in the western area could have started to earn a living with their own hands; however, this did not happen.

Still, Bai Zemin did not blame Kang Rong for his actions. In fact, he did not believe that such a thing was wrong to begin with.

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Even he himself had his own private food supply that he did not allow anyone to touch, and Bai Zemin was aware that even if some people starved to death, that food would not be provided no matter what.

Because the main priority was his own survival; he was not an all-powerful, all-kind god willing to sacrifice himself for others.

If he could help, then he would; but that was all. If a person asked Bai Zemin if he would be willing to die for another human being, he would smile coldly and scoff at that person.

Therefore, he ignored everyone's reaction and approached Kang Rong to look down on him from high.

The current Kang Rong was completely different from the previous one.

All the confidence, pride, and arrogance that exuded from his body seemed to have completely died. His sparse hair was all disheveled and his gaze seemed dead as he stared at the ground; he didn't even seem to have noticed the arrival of the people in the basement.

It was amazing that in just a little over 12 hours a man could undergo such a huge transformation.

This was the result of losing everything and, to top it all off, just before tying him in chains to the central pillar of the basement Bai Zemin told him the news that his beloved son Kang Hong, had already died long ago.

"Hey, Kang Rong." Bai Zemin called out to him. Both of his hands were comfortably inside his pants pockets and his expression was indifferent as if he was looking at a small rock instead of another human being.

However, Kang Rong did not seem to hear him as his expression did not change and continued to stare at the same point.

Bai Zemin sighed. Before anyone could react, he pulled out the dagger he had forged for himself during his confinement in the workshop and slashed downwards.

“Aaargh!!!”

Blood splattered on the floor followed immediately by a piercing scream that echoed inside the room.

Hearing the cry of pain similar to a ghost’s cry, Lu Xiaoyao shuddered fiercely and when she looked down was even more startled to see one of the fingers of Kang Rong’s right hand on the floor, completely severed from his hand.

Kang Rong seemed to wake up from the pain and looked up. His eyes were sunken inward with large dark circles underneath, he looked like an evil spirit as he stared at Bai Zemin with eyes filled with bloody red veins that looked like they were about to break out.

Bai Zemin didn’t seem to care much about his gaze as he continued indifferently, “Where do you keep the armed arsenal and ammunition?”

“Hehe... Go... Go to hell...” Kang Rong replied in a hoarse voice.

“... I see.” Bai Zemin nodded calmly and activated Second Order Blood Manipulation.

The blood on the floor moved and turned into thin ruby-colored threads. Nine threads carefully wrapped around Kang Rong’s nine fingers and under the stupefied gaze of Lu Yan and Yan Tu, one of the threads tightened.

“AAARGGH!!!”

Kang Rong howled again as the thumb of his right hand joined the index finger on the floor. His eyes widened and the veins in those eyes widened even more, giving him an extremely horrifying appearance.

With both hands again resting in his pants pockets, Bai Zemin repeated again casually, “Where do you keep the armed arsenal and ammunition?”

“Hehe...hehe...” Kang Rong laughed in between his groans of pain.

Another blood trickle tightened and the middle finger fell on the floor, increasing the count to three.

Kang Rong let out a cry of pain even more ghastly than the previous two as the accumulation of pain began to drive him mad.

Bai Zemin’s expression did not change at all. He did not believe that the man in front of him would endure to the bitter end; even if he was devastated by the death of his son, Bai Zemin had to make him speak no matter what.

This was because Bai Zemin did not know where the guns and ammunition were. Probably just Kang Rong and Shan Li were the only ones who knew such a secret, since the fewer people who knew, the better. After all, in the early stages where humans were still weak and zombies or mutant beasts were

still relatively less threatening, the one who controlled the firepower was the one who had the control in their hands.

If Bai Zemin wanted to move the more than 3000 survivors from the North Camp to the Beginning Village, then he would need a lot of ammunition as many mutant beasts residing in the nearby forests would probably go crazy at such a big move; it was impossible for them not to be tempted by such a juicy prey.

However, he did not want to touch the ammunition of the Beginning Village. Not only because he wanted to save as much as possible, but also because he would need even more time to pack truckloads of ammunition and bring them here. Such a thing was not cost-effective no matter how he looked at it.

Therefore, he had no choice.

“Where do you keep the armed arsenal and ammunition?”

Kang Rong did not answer and as a consequence the ring finger of his right hand fell off, leaving only the little finger in its place this time. The man who previously stood at the top of the food pyramid among the survivors howled in pain like an enraged wild beast as red blood pooled beside him and stained his clothes.

Under the stupefied and frightened gaze of the other people, Bai Zemin asked exactly the same question with an indifferent expression, over and over again as if he were an emotionless machine. If Kang Rong took more than 5 seconds to answer or if said a word that was not the one he was looking for, then a blood thread would tighten and a finger would fall on the floor followed by a steady flow of blood.

“F-Father, he...” Lu Xiaoyao shrank back in fear. At first she could tolerate it, but as Kang Rong’s screams became more and more hoarse and fierce, even for someone who hated him like her it was hard to bear.

Lu Yan covered his daughter in his embrace and the way he looked at Bai Zemin made a sharp 180-degree turn. He had never seen Bai Zemin in movement before, hence, he had never seen him kill anyone. Moreover, the matter of his careful attention on the little 10-year-old girl and his idea of opening a school for young children made Lu Yan unconsciously look at him as a kind-hearted young man.

However, looking at his indifferent expression every time he cut off Kang Rong’s fingers, Lu Yan felt a cold chill run through his whole body. A person who could do something like that surely could only be a lunatic person who was either sick in the head or... Or a person who killed too much to feel anything.

Just like Lu Xiaoyao, it was hard for Lu Yan to believe that a 20 years old guy, only 2 years older than his daughter, could actually perform such cruel acts without even blinking an eye.

What kind of trashy life did one have to live to become like this? Lu Yan did not know and Lu Xiaoyao did not know either; however, it was obvious that to get to where he was now, this 20-year-old naturally had to do many difficult things.

Nangong Lingxin’s face turned pale and if not for Nangong Yi’s support she would have already fallen to the floor with weak legs.

The basement obviously did not have excellent soundproofing as from outside, the maidservants could hear the screams of pain. All of them shuddered in fear and moved away from the area immediately while praying in their hearts.

Soon, the ten fingers fell on the ground and the hands of Kang Rong that could no longer be considered hands were completely stained with blood. His whole body convulsed on the floor and Bai Zemin had to admit that he had at least a little courage to endure this far. In fact, had it not been for him using Blood Manipulation to restrain the blood flow, Kang Rong would have already fainted and might have even died due to the constant blood loss.

Shangguan Bing Xue finally couldn't take it anymore and stepped forward, "Bai Zemin, don't you think enough is enough?"

Even for her it was hard to tolerate such a sight. Killing was one thing, but such heartless torture was on another level of cruelty.

"Enough?" Bai Zemin frowned slightly and looked at her blankly, "This man probably abused his power to force himself on some women. Many starve to death every day, including young ones like Xiang Feng. His scumbag son ruined the already difficult lives of who knows how many families all because this pig allowed it... But still, you think it's enough?"

"..."

This was probably the first time Shangguan Bing Xue did not know how to respond to something. In fact, from a certain point of view, the atrocities that Kang Rong committed either directly or indirectly were enough to have to die hundreds of times to pay for everything and even then he would be left with outstanding debt.

With a slightly pale face, she sighed and shook her head before standing silently with a cold expression.

"This is the last time I ask you." Bai Zemin continued as he manipulated the blood to surround a certain part of Kang Rong's body with a thicker than normal thread.

The part was just Kang Rong's manhood. As he felt the thick thread curl over his pants, his body tensed and for a moment he seemed to forget all pain.

Thin threads could easily cut through anything... But this one that was especially thick could not cut so easily, so everything in its path would be slowly shredded and then crushed into a bloody pulp.

The faces of the men present turned pale as a sheet while the women closed their eyes so as not to see such a thing.

"If you don't answer this time, after I turn you into a eunuch, I will throw you into the streets of the west area and pay several hungry survivors to play with you... I don't know if you understand me?" Bai Zemin took a step back. His voice was flat, free of emotion and he did not seem to be threatening but telling facts.

Even the toughest man in the world would very probably break down in the face of such a threat, and Kang Rong was no exception to this rule.

His eyes filled with tears as a flash of clarity shone in them. The man looked so pitiful as he muttered his son's name that many might feel sorry for him; but unfortunately, Bai Zemin was unaffected by such

things under the effect of his Stone Heart skill; much less so considering that the man in front of him was trash among the trash.

Soon, Bai Zemin finally heard what he wanted to know.

After speaking, Kang Rong said in a dead voice: "Just kill me already.... What are you keeping me alive for?"

His voice seemed to be that of a person who had already given up on life, but Bai Zemin knew better.

With an expression as cold as ice, he sneered, "If you really wanted to die, you would have long ago bitten your tongue to kill yourself."

Kang Rong's body shuddered slightly upon hearing this and did not respond.

Bai Zemin continued, "Do you know why you didn't? It is because you are scared of death. Even if you find yourself in this situation, even if your son died... You are still fearful of dying!"

After a pause and seeing that Kang Rong did not respond, Bai Zemin nodded, "But since you want to die, then you can die now."

Without delay and without letting his enemy say any final words, a thin blood thread pierced Kang Rong's brain right between his eyebrows; ending his life on the spot without even blinking.